





"Do not suppose that the farmers, who are not so hasty in jumping at a conclusion as the merchants, who form their opinions with more calmness and reflection, are about to take up an exploded absurdity, which the merchants themselves are ashamed of. They understand the history of the American trade in grain; the events of which I speak have taken place under their immediate observation, and they are not to be driven from their conclusion by a false and senseless outcry, be it repeated as often as it may."

Such is the substance of our friend's remarks, and from what we know of the farming population, and we can boast of having known them well in our time, we have little doubt of the truth of his representation.

#### From the Baltimore Republican.

Scene—"Log Cabin" at North Bend—Gen. Harrison at the window breathing fresh air—an old Soldier attempting to communicate with him—"The Committee," John C. Wright, David Gwynne, and O. M. Spencer, in front of the cabin—Wright with the key in his hand. The following dialogue occurs between the old Soldier and "The Committee."

Old Soldier.—Does Gen. Harrison live here, gentlemen?

The Committee.—Yes.

Old Soldier.—I wish to see him.

The Committee.—You can't see him.

Old Soldier.—Why, gentlemen? I hope he is not sick.

The Committee.—No, the General is not sick. He never was in better health in his life, and you may tell every body that he is just as capable of attending to business as he was twenty years ago.

Old Soldier.—Then, why can't I see him, gentlemen? Oh, I suppose, may be, the General has company, some of the big bugs from Cincinnati. I can wait till they are gone. I'll just take a seat on that stump there; for I wouldn't like to miss seeing the old General, after walking so far out of my way.

The Committee.—The General is neither sick nor engaged with company; but you can't see him.

[Here one of "The Committee," looking round, saw the old General peeping through a window of the cabin where a pane was out, and begs him—

"Dear General, just keep out of sight a few minutes, we'll soon get rid of this fellow, but if he sees you peeping in this way, it will be badly." "Well, Wright," says the General, "I wish the election was over, for I am tired of being 'cooped.'"

Old Soldier.—Why, gentlemen, I don't know what to make of this. I am an old friend of Gen. Harrison, and people up in my part of the country are saying a great many hard things about him, and I thought while I was down in these parts, I'd call and see him for old times sake, and just have his authority to contradict all the slanders his enemies are putting about against him. You may depend, gentlemen, I could do service to the old gentleman, if I could see him and talk to him about these matters.

The Committee.—Friend, any thing you wish to say to Gen. Harrison, you can say to us, and we can answer for him.

Old Soldier.—But, gentlemen, I'd rather hear the General answer for himself.

The Committee.—That, friend, is what the General don't do now.

Old Soldier.—That's queer. Why don't he answer for himself now?

The Committee.—Because his friends determined that it was not "politic" that he should be appointed a "Committee" to answer for him.

Old Soldier.—Well, gentlemen, who are the "Committee?"

The Committee.—We three.

Old Soldier.—Well, then, gentlemen, if you are authorized to answer for the General, be so good as to tell me whether the General is an Abolitionist or not, and whether, if elected, he will vote to any bill for abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia.

The Committee.—There are questions, friend, which we don't answer.

Old Soldier.—Why, how's this? You say you do allow the General to answer for himself, but you answer for him, and when I ask you only two simple questions, you tell me you don't answer those questions! The General don't, and you won't.

The Committee.—As you are a friend of Gen. Harrison, we may tell you that the questions you have asked are those very questions which Gen. Harrison's friends don't think it "politic" for him or for us to answer.

Old Soldier.—Why not? Mr. Van Buren has answered them.

The Committee.—Yes, and the bigger fool he is for not all chance of getting a single Abolition vote for it.

Old Soldier.—Oh, he is—that's the game it is!

The Committee.—(Clucking, and slapping the old soldier on the back.)—Lie low and keep dark! that's the game, my old lad of wax. Come take a glass of cider in the old General's health and success. He's the old man's friend.

Old Soldier.—I'd rather take a glass of old rye, if it's the same to you, gentlemen.

The Committee.—We are tea-totalers, friend—and the General don't give his friends any thing but "hard cider."

Old Soldier.—Well, that's strange! The Gen. didn't use to like that sort of stuff; but he's getting old, and I s'pose the Doctors prescribe it. I know, however, as an old soldier, that it's very dangerous to change front in the face of the enemy. He'd better mind how he follows them Doctors' prescriptions, or they'll kill him.

The Committee.—Friend, it was not the Doctors, but "the committee," that prescribed Hard Cider for the General. They thought it the most "politic" drink for him, till after the election.

Old Soldier.—Well, the old man may drink what he pleases, but you don't turn my flank, gentlemen, with any such pop-gun as that; and if the General ain't mightily changed since I knew him, and you'll just let me offer him the mouth of my canteen, you'll soon see whether he's a tea-totaler, as you call it. Come, gentlemen, just let me go in and take a shake-hands with the old man—say howdy-do, and good-bye, and give him a drop from my canteen. I'll promise you to say nothing to him about politics.

The Committee.—As an old soldier, you ought to know that orders must be obeyed. Now, we were put here to guard the old General from talking to any body and every body. If we let you go in to see him, others will expect to be admitted, and then we might as well let him go at large.

Old Soldier.—Well, why should he go at large? It's a free country, and the old man's a good citizen, and I suppose, by this time.

The Committee.—You said you were a friend of Gen. Harrison. Now, if you are, you won't press this matter; for you know he is old now, and if he were allowed to talk to every body, he might give his chance of election, for he is losing his memory, and is apt, as all old men are, to forget to say what he said yesterday; and if he were to tell one of those Loco-Foco to-day that he was in favor of the Abolition scheme, and another one to-morrow that he was against it, they would be sure

to compare notes and expose the old gentleman.—We hope you are satisfied now, friend.

Old Soldier.—"Satisfied?" Yes, I am satisfied that my old General is mightily changed for the worse since he allows himself to be cooped up here, and forbidden to speak to his old friends.—"Satisfied," did you say? Yes, I am satisfied that the man who can't be trusted to answer for himself and speak out his opinions openly on all subjects and to all men, is not fit to be trusted with the Government.

The Committee.—What matters it, friend, whether Gen. Harrison is fit for the Presidency or not, so that we elect him. He will have the ablest men in the country in his cabinet.

Old Soldier.—Then we had better elect one of them and let the old General stay at home. But who do you mean by the ablest men in the country?

The Committee.—For instance, Webster will be Secretary of State, and Rives Secretary of the Treasury, and—

Old Soldier.—That's enough gentlemen; you needn't go any further. Webster's enough for me. You couldn't make the dose more nauseous even throwing in Rives. A Hardened Convention Federalist, who voted against all supplies for the army during the last war, and rejoiced in the victories of the British, ought surely to be enough for an old Democrat and Soldier of the last war, without the mere weight of a renegade Democrat. Webster and Rives! Pah! Ipecac and Tartar emetic! Hard cider and sour beer! It's a dose for a nigger.

John C. Wright, (one of "the Committee.") You old rascal! How dare you say any thing against Mr. Webster? The last war was an unjust, righteous, unconstitutional and unholy war, and Mr. Webster was right in opposing it; and I would have voted against supplies till every such renegade Democrat as you are had starved. You a friend of Gen. Harrison, and about Daniel Webster! Why, you old scamp, wasn't Gen. Harrison in the last war, isn't he a friend of Mr. Webster?

Old Soldier.—I say, stranger, what may your name be?

Gwynne & Spencer, (the other two of the "Committee.") Don't tell him your name! For Gen. Harrison's sake, don't tell him! For the sake of the cause, don't tell him your name!

John C. Wright.—I will tell him. Gen. Harrison and his friends must not think to use me and be ashamed to own me. I will tell him. My name is JOHN C. WRIGHT! (In a louder tone and great passion.) 'Blood! I'll tell him all about myself.

Gwynne & Spencer.—Oh! don't! we beseech you be calm, you have done mischief enough in telling your name. Remember we are put here to guard the party against the indiscretions of Gen. Harrison—let us not commit ourselves.

J. C. Wright, (still muttering in a passion.) I cared not what he insinuated about Harrison, but I will not hear Webster abused by any vulgar Democrat. I will tell him. (Addressing the old soldier alone.) I am John C. Wright, who supported old John Adams, who supported the younger Adams. I am an old Federalist, and don't care who knows it. Gen. Harrison knows it and likes me the better for it. I formerly edited a Federal paper in New York. I was afterwards a Federal member of Congress from Ohio, and voted for John Quincy Adams for President when the election was to be held. I was afterwards a Federal Judge in Ohio, and am now editor of the Federal Gazette in Cincinnati, and one of the committee, to answer for Gen. Harrison. I know now I hope you old scamp, who I am.

Gwynne & Spencer, (aside.)—Here's a prettily kettle of fish that old soldier will stir! He'll never be good. Gen. Harrison couldn't have done worse himself. Wright has blown him up as effectually as he could have done it himself.—The fool! why couldn't he keep dark about Webster and Federalism!

Old Soldier.—(Talking to himself.) John C. Wright! and is it possible that Gen. Harrison is put under the care of John C. Wright? Well, well, then he has got low, indeed.

J. C. Wright.—(Overhearing him.)—What's that you say?

Old Soldier.—Oh! nothing. A whistling woman and a crowing hen, they used to say, ought to be hanged; but I believe you are only a "cackling hen."

John C. Wright, (trampling, and in an under tone.)—I do believe it is old George Kroner in disguise! This is no place for me. I'll just step into the Cabin and leave Gwynne and Spencer to manage him.

Gwynne & Spencer.—There goes the rascal. He has got us into a scrape and now backs out.—It's just like him, and if he don't get the General into a scrape that he can't get out of, it will be a wonder.

Old Soldier.—Well, good bye, gentlemen.—Please tell the old General, that when I hear he is let out and allowed to speak for himself, I'll call again.

Gwynne & Spencer.—Friend, you mustn't go away offended. We are so young that when Gen. Harrison is elected President he will always be glad to see his friends. Now, come take a glass of Hard Cider and let's part friends.

Old Soldier.—I am not a beggar, gentlemen, and if General Harrison doesn't choose to admit me into his house, he might refrain from insulting me by an offer of old clothes, and cold victuals.—The General may keep his Hard-Cider for those who will take his bounty; I don't enlist with him for his campaign.

Gwynne & Spencer.—But, friend, we pray you not to go away offended with Gen. Harrison.—"The Committee" alone are to blame for every thing he has done since they had charge of him.

Old Soldier.—I am disgusted, not offended, I am mortified and ashamed, that any of my countrymen should at this early period of our history, have so far lost their respect as to countenance this miserable imposture. What! Set up a man for the Presidency of these United States, whom you are obliged to shut up here, and keep from speaking to any one for fear he should betray his confidence for the office!

Gwynne & Spencer.—You are mistaken, friend; we shut him up to save his life; for he receives as many letters a day, one day with another, and it would kill him to answer them.

Old Soldier.—I thought you told me a while ago that he never was in better health in his life and as capable of attending to his business as he was 20 years ago. No! no! gentlemen, you told me the truth in the beginning—that his memory was failing him, and that he might tell a Loco-Foco to-day that he was in favor of Abolition, and another one to-morrow that he was against it, and thus expose himself.

Gwynne & Spencer.—We said that, when we thought you were a friend of the General.

Old Soldier.—So I was his friend, and even after all I've seen and heard here, I would be more to his friend than to coo him up here and put a guard over him. I am getting old too, but if I should live to a second childhood, I hope my fami-

ly will take care of me, and not turn me over to strangers to speculate on.

Gwynne & Spencer.—We hope we part friends. Old Soldier.—Gentlemen, I leave you more in sorrow than in anger. I suppose you think you are doing nothing more than your duty to your Party, while I think you are disgracing your country. But, gentlemen I have no occasion for a "Committee" or guard at my door, and if ever you should be passing through the county of Hocking, where I live, you will find no lock upon my door, nor "the string of the latch pulled in!"

#### From the Madison (La.) Courier. SELLING FREE MEN AS SLAVES IN THE STATE OF INDIANA!!

Much has been said in defence of the charge against General Harrison, of voting in the Senate of Ohio to sell free white men as slaves; and General Harrison's own letters of denial and exculpation, have been very extensively published. The charge, however, remains well established, and as long as the records of the Senate of Ohio shall continue to exist, so long must the testimony to establish this charge be perpetuated. (See Journal of the Senate of Ohio of January the 20th, 1821.)

But we have resumed this subject to show, that this section of the Ohio Legislature, with all its members, was an old acquaintance of General Harrison, and had no new horrors to present to his mind; for, while Governor of "the Territory of Indiana," he approved, and signed "An act Respecting Crimes and Punishments," containing sections more odious than the section for which he voted in the Ohio Senate: more odious, inasmuch as it made an escape from the most degrading and humiliating servitude a criminal offence punishable with WHIPPING in the full measure of THIRTY-NINE STRIPES!! and with a double servitude as to time. (See Territorial Laws, Revised code of 1807, page 39, and 40—sections 30 and 31.)

"Sec. 30. When any person or persons shall, on conviction of any crime, or breach of penal law, be sentenced to pay a fine or fines, with or without the costs of prosecution, it shall and may be lawful for the court before whom such convictions shall be had to ORDER THE SHERIFF TO SELL OR HIRE THE PERSON OR PERSONS SO CONVICTED, TO SERVICE, TO ANY PERSON OR PERSONS WHO WILL PAY THE SAID FINE AND COSTS FOR SUCH TERM OF TIME AS THE COURT WILL THINK REASONABLE.

"And if such person or persons, so sentenced and hired or sold, shall abscond from the service of his or her master or mistress, before the term of such service shall be expired, he or she so absconding shall on conviction before a justice of the peace, be WHIPPED WITH THIRTY-NINE STRIPES! and shall moreover serve two days for every one so lost.

"Sec. 31. The judges of the several courts of record in this Territory shall give this act in charge to the grand jury at each and every court, in which a grand jury shall be sworn.

"JESSE B. THOMAS,  
Speaker of the House of Representatives.  
"B. CHAMBERS,  
President of the Council.

Approved—Sept. 17, 1807.  
"WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON."

But was Governor Harrison at this time clothed with the veto power? his friends would ask. Ay, he was: he was more amply than the Executive of any State of this Union was. See the "Ordinance for the Government of the Territory of the United States, Northwest of the River Ohio." This ordinance may be found in all of our revised laws from 1793 inclusive to the present day. We quote from it the following words:

"And all bills having passed by a majority of the House, and by a majority of the Council, shall be referred to the Governor for his assent, but no bill or legislative act whatever, shall be of any force without his assent."

His veto was absolute. No law could pass without his "assent," though every member of the House of Representatives, and the Council, might desire it most ardently.

From the Washington City Globe.  
TO THE PUBLIC.

It is impossible, in consequence of enfeebled health, to perform the duties of Postmaster General in a satisfactory manner, I have resigned that office, to take effect as soon as my successor can be appointed.

Not having been fortunate enough to accumulate wealth in a public office, I am under the necessity of resorting to such private employment as is suited to my strength and condition; for the purpose of meeting the current expenses of a considerable family.

A few hours each day devoted to the pen, leaving an abundance of time for relaxation and exercise, I have found by experience, from the excitement of composition, to be rather conducive to my health than injurious; and this is the occupation, above all others, most agreeable to my taste and my present inclination.

Messrs. Blair and Rives have kindly offered me the profits of such subscription to the Extra Globe for the present season, as may be raised on my account, and I have consented to contribute to it until November next, if such a number of subscribers shall be obtained as will warrant that step.

I am the more inclined to this deviation of my time from a desire to prevent any misconception of the motives which have led to my resignation. I wish to satisfy the whole world that no dissatisfaction with the President or his administration, no indisposition to render it the utmost support in my power, no distrust of its measures or its designs, has had any effect in determining me to prefer a private to a public station. On the contrary, my confidence in the President, in his integrity, his principles, and his firmness, have increased from the day I was first officially associated with him; my relations with every member of Cabinet have been uniformly of a most friendly character; and my devotion to the great measures which have been, and still are, sustained by the Administration, knows no abatement. The leading principles avowed by the President I look upon as essential to the preservation of liberty and a Government of the people; and if I had supposed that my resignation could endanger their success, I should have clung to office as I would to life.

As soon as the necessary arrangements are made, proposals, with a more extended address, will be presented to the friends of the Administration.

AMOS KENDALL.  
MAY 11, 1840.

#### MOCKSVILLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE house and lot belonging to the Subscriber, at Mocksville, Davis County, will be sold at public auction, on Tuesday, the 26th of this month, (May). The premises are exceedingly desirable, either as a family residence or as a business establishment. Terms will be made known on the day of sale.

JUNIOUS L. CLEMONS.  
Mocksville, N. C., May 13, 1840.



## THE CAROLINIAN.

Salisbury, Friday, MAY 22, 1840.

State Rights Republican Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,

ROMULUS M. SAUNDERS.

STATE LEGISLATURE

Senate, for Rowan and Davis—HENRY MILLER.

Commons—JESSE A. CLEMENT, GEORGE L. SMITH.

DAVIDSON COUNTY.

Commons—COL. PHILIP HEDRICK.

Sheriff—COL. JOHN M. SMITH.

Extract from the answer of Gen. Harrison's "Secret Committee," (or conscience keepers) to the Oswego Union Association:

"The policy is, that the General [Harrison] MAKE NO FURTHER DECLARATION OF HIS OPINIONS TO MEET THE PUBLIC EYE, while occupying his present position"—[as a candidate for the Presidency.]

A mistake occurred in our last week's paper, in the proceedings of the Republican meeting of Davidson. Instead of Daniel T. Warner, one of the Assistant Chairmen, as printed, it should have been DANIEL T. WASKER.

#### STANDING ARMY!

Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones! War!—Swords and Daggers!

Well, it is all over with us now—Van Buren is going to have a "standing army" of 200,000 men, composed of the Farmers of the country, raised on purpose to cut their own throats and destroy their own liberties!—So say the Federalists, and as they are well known, about here especially, to be a set who never depart from the truth, we suppose it is time to be preparing our minds for these terrible things. It is really awful to think about. "You that have tears, prepare to shed them now." A celebrated orator, whom we heard the other day, after describing, in a most affecting manner, the women and children at the North as being out of employment, and turned loose hungry and naked—how shocking!—went on to tell how Mr. Van Buren was going to get the "standing army," and how we should then see the smoke of the burning, and hear the shrieks of the women, and the cries of the poor little helpless children. It was very affecting to hear him. "What a bloody monster that Van Buren must be! Nero, and all the other tyrants of Rome, were fools to him—they only killed a fellow occasionally by way of amusement, but he is going to establish a "standing army" all over the country, of the People themselves, to destroy their own liberties—he is to march them about from Maine to Georgia to vote in the elections, and then when they all get home again, to make them turn and kill their wives and children, and wind up the bloody work, of course, by killing themselves!

Of all parties that have ever existed, as far as we can learn, the Federal, self-styled "Whigs" of the present day lack common prudence and discretion the most. It is part of their creed to believe that the People are fools; and their conduct plainly proves that they think so;—otherwise, would they attempt to deceive men of sense with such silly, absurd, ridiculous stories as they make of what they are now calling Van Buren's standing army scheme? Just think for a moment of trying to impose such stuff on the people as truth. Is it not plain, that they have a contempt for their understandings, and think them fools enough to believe any false story that can be trumped up? Let us look at this great bug bear of a "standing army," and see what it is. Instead of being a bill recommended by Van Buren, and before Congress, as many of the Federalists represent, it is nothing more than a plan for re-organizing the militia, proposed to Congress by Mr. Poinsett, the Secretary of War.—For ourselves, we consider it a foolish and impracticable one, entirely too much so ever to be dangerous;—if there was any thing real in the matter, we should go as great lengths in opposing it as any of those who are now trying to make it a political hobby to ride into office; but if there is any man, except the Secretary, who recommends its adoption, we have yet to learn who he is. We assert—and defy contradiction—that Mr. Van Buren has not recommended the adoption of the plan.

But let us go farther, and look at the absurdity of the terrible thing the Federalists are trying to make of it. They say it is a scheme to break down liberty, and how? Even if the plan was adopted, idle as it is,—how would it give the President more power or endanger liberty? The "standing army" would be composed of the people themselves, who are the militia. Would the people break down their own liberties—would they engage in a war against each other, or what? But, say these wonderful men, the President intends to march them about from State to State, to turn the elections. Turn the elections by marching the free men from one State to another to vote? Are these stories not an insult on the understandings of the people? It is all a false cry of "wolf, wolf," from beginning to end. Such plans have been repeatedly laid before Congress, but never acted on—they have always fallen still-born, as this will. There is one thing, however, that these Federal orators take special care to avoid the mention of, and that is, the fact that their candidate, Gen. Harrison, once offered a much more exceptional plan to Congress:—a plan to make soldiers of the boys of the country, and keep up a standing army, at an annual expense of \$2,000,000—but this was all right and patriotic in Gen. Harrison, and he is fit for President, but Mr. Van Buren is trying to destroy liberty, and must be turned out of office, because the

Secretary of War recommends a plan, less objectionable than Gen. Harrison's, to Congress. Here is Federal logic and reasoning for you.

For a correct view of Gen. Harrison's plan for a "standing army," the reader is referred to an article on our first page, under the head of "Politics of the Day."

"A Change came o'er the spirit of their Dreams" When, scarcely twelve months ago, it was predicted to the Federal "Whigs" here, and elsewhere in the South, that Mr. Clay, would not receive the nomination of the "Harrington Convention," and that Gen. Harrison, in all probability, would—they laughed the idea to perfect scorn, as being highly ridiculous, and altogether out of the question;—they insisted that the candidates should pledge their allegiance unconditionally to Mr. Clay, and the party, one and all, unequivocally declared that he alone could carry the vote of North Carolina, or the South. Many of them, to our certain knowledge, who are now going all lengths for Harrison, expressed their determination to vote for Clay, and no other man, and when told that they would be forced into a support of Harrison, vehemently asserted an unqualified opposition that could under no circumstances be changed. They called him then a weak, incompetent old man, without pretensions or qualifications for the high station of President. Those were their real sentiments, but mark the change, and the cause of the change. The summer passed by—the winter came, and so it, the time for the meeting of the "Harrington Convention." There was a mighty "gathering" of the "Whig" forces from every part of the Union—Abolitionists—Hardford Convention Federalists—Allen and Sedition law—Anti-slavery—Southern Federalists, and Bank—coming over to the name of good "Whigs," appeared to consult together, and agree on a President who would carry out their principles! They seemed to business; Mr. Clay is nominated, and at the ballot received by far the largest number of votes, showing him to be the preference of the Northern and Southern Federal Bank party, of whom there was a majority in the Convention. It being ascertained that Clay would receive the nomination by a popular vote in this way, the order of proceeding was changed, and it was concluded to vote by State. On the second ballot, behold Mr. Clay was "thrown overboard" by his Northern friends—though all voted for by the Southern delegation—and Gen. Harrison taken up as the available—mark the point—not as a fit, competent, or preferable, but the available candidate of this "Whig" party, having as many different political principles as the garment of Joseph had coats.

Now, what was the meaning of this manœuvre and change,—and especially of this word available? Simply this:—the Abolition party of the North and West refused to support Mr. Clay in consequence, as they say, of his Anti-Slavery speech in Congress last session,—and threatened, in case he was nominated, to withdraw their cooperation from the "Whigs," and bring out a candidate of their own,—the Convention well knowing that the strength of the "Whig" party was dependent on the aid of their Abolition allies, and that their defection would neutralize the "Whig" vote of the North, were compelled to yield, and, in opposition to their own preferences, suffer the nomination of Harrison, whom the Abolitionists would support. This is the whole secret of the old General's nomination;—let the Federalists here disprove it if they can.

The news is published to the faithful throughout the country, and they are called to the support of the "Hero of Tippecanoe." This unexpected turn of events was received in the South with dismay and confusion too great to be concealed. It seemed in the ears of the astonished "Whigs" as the death-knell of their hopes. They were completely "aback," and surprised out of their discretion—which, by the way, they can be hardly said to have recovered yet. The first rumour of the nomination was not only doubted, but ridiculed and disputed every where—a few days, however, brought confirmation unquestioned, and then there was "hurrying to and fro" in the Federal camp. They raved, denounced, and utterly refused to receive the old General, in their first transport. After a while, being somewhat recovered from the shock, persuaded by their love for, and the preservation of, their darling schemes of the Tariff, Internal Improvement, and Bank-monopolies—and seeing their helpless and hopeless plight for resistance to this Abolition influence—fairly whiplashed into the ranks, they swallow the bitter pill—throw up their caps, and cry aloud for "Old Tip," the "Hero"—the "Military Chieftain," the "log cabin" and "hard cider" candidate of the great Abolition-Federal-Anti-masonic-Bank-Whig party. This is the story of the change in the opinion of our Federal opponents, and the history of the rise and progress of Harrisonism in the South.

#### "HARD TIMES."

The Federal orators and editors are in the habit of laying all the blame of the hard times at the door of the Administration. A late English paper contains the following:

"The Mayor of Carlisle next addressed his lordship, and drew a most heart-rending picture of the deep distress pervading his township and the neighborhood. The workmen were compelled to expend their poor pittance of wages upon food. While it remained at its present high price, they could get no clothing, and the home trade had fallen off in consequence. Forty years back, there had not been such deep distress."

"Lord Melbourne: Do you mean to say they are in a worse condition now, than you ever remember."

"The Mayor of Carlisle replied—he came there to state that fact. The wages were lower than he ever remembered in the cotton trade."

What will they say to this? Has the Administration in this country caused the deep distress and low wages in England, too? England is now suffering from the very same curse which has visited this country—the excess of unrestricted banking—the ruinous abuse of the paper trash system, the unlimited expansions and sudden contractions which is its inevitable consequence. This has brought about the distress existing in this country, and the same cause has occasioned it in England. The Administration may be as reasonably and justly blamed of one as the other.



## VIRGINIA.

We have waited to receive full returns before making any statement of the result of the elections in Virginia. For the last two weeks, the Harrison prints have been filled with buzzes, shouts, and every demonstration of extravagant joy for the three glorious victories which they, as usual, anticipated. We knew that they would crow any-how, if only, like the fellow who was badly drubbed, because they were not killed, and, therefore, paid no regard to their noise and bluster beforehand. Since Mr. Rives deserted the ranks of the Administration, there have been three parties in the State, as our readers doubtless know—the Democratic Republicans, Federal "Whigs," and Conservatives or Rives men. In the two last Legislatures, the "Whigs" and Conservatives together had a small majority over the Administration party, but in consequence of a refusal of the Rives party to act cordially either with the "Whigs" or Democrats, neither of these two great parties could gain the ascendancy, the others holding the balance of power. Within the last few months, Mr. Rives has succeeded in what he has been trying some time to accomplish, a coalition with the "Whigs." He has mounted the Federal cockade and gone over, bag and baggage, to the "log cabin" and "hard cider" party, carrying with him a sufficient number of his friends to give the Federalists a small majority in the Legislature.

The Republican strength is not weakened, except in the desertion of the Rives party, which has been heretofore more than half-acting with the Whigs, but have now only gone over in name, and to a hearty co-operation with the Federal Harrison party. The most satisfactory conclusion which we are able to form of the result from the reports on both sides is, that the parties stand in the Senate 10 Republicans and 10 Federalists, a tie;—in the House, there is a Federal majority of 8 or 10.

This majority in the Legislature is, however, no evidence that the popular vote will be in favor of Harrison. The "Whigs" themselves admit that in some counties, the contest turned not on political but local questions, so that the result was no test of party strength; and another thing: in the election for members the possession of a freehold in any county gives the right of voting, enabling one man to vote repeatedly, if he has the required qualification in different counties. This is not the case in the Presidential election.

Without being at all discouraged by the present position of the parties in the Legislature, we look confidently to the contest next fall, as one that will triumphantly clear away any doubts which may now be entertained, of the stern and unwavering adherence of the Old Dominion to the doctrines of Jefferson and the Republican party. She will never barter her proud birthright of honor, for a morsel of pottage, or a barrel of "hard cider."

## GEN. WASHINGTON'S OPINION OF PAPER MONEY.

We beg leave to call the attention of the Bank Federalists to the following opinions of Gen. Washington, on the subjects of paper emissions and banking. Will they come to the question now, and denounce Washington as a Loco-Foco? Mark what he says: "that what of specie, is represented as greater than it really is."

In the year 1787, Gen. Washington wrote to a Senator in one of the Southern States, on the subject of paper money, in which he thus expresses himself. We make the extracts from the letter as found among the writings of Gen. Washington published by Sparks:

"I do not hesitate to declare, that if I had a voice in your Legislature, it would have been given decidedly against a paper emission. UPON THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF ITS UTILITY AS A REPRESENTATIVE, AND the necessity of it as a medium. To assign reasons for this opinion, would be as unnecessary as tedious. The ground has been so often trod, that a place hardly remains. In a word, the necessity arising from the want of specie, is represented as greater than it really is. I contend that BY THE SUBSTANCE, NOT WITH THE SHADOW OF A THING, WE ARE TO BE ENDEARED. The wisdom of man, in my humble opinion, cannot at this time, devise a plan by which the credit of paper money would be long supported; consequently, depreciation keeps pace with the quantity of the emission, and articles for which it is exchanged, rise in a greater ratio than the sinking value of the money. WHEREIN, THEN, IS THE FARMER, THE PLANTER, THE ARTISAN, BENEFITED?"

"An evil equally great is the door it immediately opens for speculation, BY WHICH THE LEAST DESIGNING AND PERHAPS MOST VALUABLE PART OF THE COMMUNITY ARE PLAYED UPON BY THE MORE KNOWING AND CRAFTY SPECULATORS."

"Let the FARMER, THE ARTISAN, ponder on these truths—for remember, it is the voice of Washington speaking from the grave, that puts the question: 'Wherein, then, is the FARMER, THE PLANTER, THE ARTISAN BENEFITED?' Remember, however, that, as Mr. Buchanan says, we know that the existence of banks and the circulation of paper are now so identified with the habits of our people that they cannot be abolished, even if it were desirable; and that to REFORM, and not to destroy, is our motto."

A new wonder brought to light—Federal discovery extraordinary.—Many are the discoveries of new and wonderful things appertaining to their candidate, old Gen. Harrison: they have lately found out, for the first time, that he is a great General, mighty hero, and profound statesman, with other things of the same sort; all strange enough to be sure; but nothing to a new wonder just brought to light by a very observant and highly respectable member of the Federal "Whig" party. It is a pretty generally received opinion, that most men in this world, become more weak and frail as they grow very old and approach to Gen. Harrison's age—near three score years and ten—and gradually sink to the grave by the decay of nature. This is not the case with Gen. Harrison, according to the late discovery; for, instead of declining, he actually grows stronger every day; Hear what a correspondent of the National Intelligencer says: "A man of Gen. Harrison's habits of life but grows harder as he grows older!" According to this rule, how many years will it take the old General to become immortal?

N. B. Who knows but this may lead at last to the discovery of the long-sought Elixir of Life, which may be nothing more nor less than real "hard cider."

Amos Kendall has resigned his office of Post-Master General. See his card in another column.

## State Rights Republican Meeting in Charleston.

The extract below, from the MERCURY, contains some account of an overwhelming meeting held in Charleston, on the evening of the 7th inst. We will give the address and proceedings on the occasion next week. They certainly convey a strong rebuke of the course and conduct of Mr. Senator Preston. Harrisonism finds little that is encouraging or congenial in the Palmetto State:

"The Democratic State Rights Party of Charleston.—Such a gathering of the people as took place on Thursday night, is not often witnessed in our City.—The City Hall was crammed to overflowing, and every window and the wide steps were filled with eager listeners. The feeling that pervaded this great assembly was worthy of the occasion. The defense of the principles on which our party is based, by the successive speakers who addressed the throng, was received with an enthusiasm that leaves no hope among us for the operations of that now zeal of Harrisonism (one of the Senators of South Carolina) who, on Monday last, in the Whig young Men's Convention at Baltimore, referring to the Federal candidate, pledged himself 'to devote to him his labor, his thoughts, his person and his purse.' His labor, his thoughts, and his person will have little effect here as his purse, and he had as well name them all for his private comfort."

The Hon. HENRY L. PROSSER, Mayor, was called to the Chair, and while the Committee were preparing the Address and Resolutions, was called upon to address the meeting, which he did, and for an hour delighted them with an eloquent and vivid sketch of the principles, aims and character of the two great parties of the Union. He did not attempt any report of the speeches. Mr. Pinckney was followed by Mr. MEXAMUS, on the part of the Committee, who read the address and resolutions which the reader will find in our paper. After which, he addressed the Meeting.—There was in Mr. Meminger's speech, a clearness of thought, cogency of reasoning, vigor of language and high-toned feeling that thoroughly pleased the whole throng. The Meeting was also addressed by Messrs. RUSSELL, ELKINS and others, and went on increasing in enthusiasm to the last. The Address and Resolutions were adopted without a dissenting voice, and are now put forth to the world as the sentiments of an overwhelming majority of the people of Charleston. The Resolution expressing our confidence in Mr. CALHOUN, and grateful appreciation of his eminent services to the State, was received with repeated bursts of applause, and when the Chairman is submitting the different resolutions to the approval of the Meeting, came to that, he said: "gentlemen, I will not put the question on this Resolution,—he was answered by a simultaneous shout from every part of the crowd that fairly shook the Hall, and told him in a voice not to be mistaken, that he was right in supposing there could be no doubt or question on that head.—Charleston Mercury of May 9.

The Federalists are using up Mr. Van Buren pretty much in the same style that Jack Falstaff proposed to destroy the French army. His plan was, to choose 50 men, go to the French army and challenge 50 of them and kill them off,—then 50 more and kill them,—then 50 more and kill them, and so on until he had killed every son of a Frenchman in the whole army.

The Federal plan is much the same; they take State by State, and kill off the Democratic Republicans without mercy,—first, Connecticut—next, Virginia—and now they are crying out for Georgia. If they keep on at this rate, they will positively not leave poor Van Buren a single State, but sweep the whole and leave him without a solitary vote, just as Jack Falstaff left the French army without a man. This is neither liberal nor fair; they ought to divide, and leave Van at least one little State out of the 26. Come!—Come, good Feds, don't take all.

## The Southern Literary Messenger.

The May number of this periodical has been on our table some days. A want of leisure has prevented our examining and noticing it before. We have so often mentioned its high merits and unrivaled claims as a Literary work of ability and taste, that any commendation now, would be but repetition. It is only necessary to say that the varied and interesting contents of the present number fully sustain the previously acquired reputation of the work.

## The Ladies' Companion.

We have been favored by the publisher, with the back numbers of the present volume of this beautiful magazine.—From the examination which we have been able to give the numbers before us, we consider it as one of the most interesting and chaste of the many periodicals of the same character now published. In appearance and execution, it is certainly surpassed by none;—each number contains a fine engraving and a piece of music. The list of contributors alone, is a sufficient assurance of its character. Amongst others, we notice the names of Mrs. St. John, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Stephens, Prof. Ingraham, and others of ability in this country and England. The contents are entirely original. The work is published by Wm. W. Snowden, 109 Fulton street, New York. Terms \$3 per annum in advance, or \$4 during the year.

It has been lately found out that the battle of Fort Meigs was a great victory;—its anniversary, 8th this month, was, we see, celebrated with much parade in New York City. Will the battle of Fort Stevens be remembered in like manner? "Oh, no! they never mention that!"

## CONGRESS.

The business of Congress has been pushed forward some steps lately. Both Houses adjourned for several days, week before last, to prepare the halls for the summer session. Since re-assembling, they have been going on in rather more of a business way.

In the Senate, on Thursday, the 7th inst., an interesting debate occurred on the important subject of the public expenditures, originated by a motion to print a classified report made by Mr. Woodbury, in obedience to a call for information by the Senate. We shall notice this hereafter.

The House has, at last, succeeded in passing the Civil Appropriation bill, for the payment of public officers, Judges of the Supreme Court and others. The Federal party, with their usual design of embarrassing all the operations of Government, opposed it to the last, and it was only carried by the determined perseverance of the Republicans.

The Banking law has been under discussion in the Senate, but no final action has taken place. A bill, to ensure the more faithful execution of the laws relating to the collection of the duties on imports, has passed the House of Representatives. A memorial was presented by Mr. Henry to the House on the 13th, from a large number of the citizens of Beaver County, Pennsylvania, praying for an increase of the Tariff, so as to afford ample protection to manufactures in this country.

On Friday, the 15th, the House passed a resolution regulating the subject of Public Printing. On the same day a motion was made by Mr. Jones of Virginia, that the House resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole, for the purpose of taking up the Independent Treasury Bill. Mr. Jones expressed the hope that the opposition would not raise objections, inasmuch as it had been charged that it was not the intention of the Administration party to act on the Bill this Session. The question was taken on the motion, which was lost, all the "Whig" party voting in the negative.

## FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIANS.

Mr. Horton: Last Tuesday was a proud day for the Republicans of Davidson County. It was generally known that Mr. Fisher would address the people on that day, and that there would be a meeting of the opponents of Gen. Harrison. Our friends accordingly assembled in immense force; many of the Federalists attended also, doubtless for the purpose of seeing Mr. Fisher demolished by their chosen champion, as it was whispered about that he would be replied to. You will have seen the official record of the proceedings—the resolutions embodied, without doubt, the sentiments of nine-tenths of those who voted for Charles Fisher at the last election. Without indulging in unnecessarily harsh denunciations of our opponents, they are yet sufficiently told and decided—that they will be responded to at the Summer and Fall elections, by a majority of the freemen of the County, who do conscientiously believe.

Mr. Fisher addressed the people for about two hours. It is impossible to do justice to his speech by any analysis—it is but sheer justice to say that he fully sustained his high reputation as a popular speaker. He commenced by alluding to his reasons for leaving Washington, and repelled some of the petty calumnies which have been circulated by his enemies,—citing the names of several leading Whigs who have done worse than he had, and reminding them of their inconsistency, &c. He then took up the causes of the hard times, and went into a very full account of the operation of the Banking system upon the trade and business of the country.—He denounced the conduct of the Banks as the true cause of the present scarcity of money, and stated that they had, in the year 1839, called in thirty millions of their paper, and as the process is still going on, that it doubtless now amounted to over forty millions! Forty millions of paper money withdrawn from circulation in sixteen months! Is not this a startling fact? Mr. F. then went into an examination of Gen. Harrison's pretensions in regard to his age, ability, and political opinions.

On all these points, he was exceedingly clear, and at times very eloquent. He showed that Gen. Harrison never was considered a great General until he was nominated for the Presidency. That the very fact of the appointment of a Committee to answer for him, proved that his own friends were aware of his infirmities, and unwilling to trust him. He did not charge that Gen. Harrison was an Abolitionist, but that he was the candidate of the Abolition party; and in this connection, read copious extracts of Abolition papers, to show the people what were their designs and purposes, and the extent of their machinations against their rights. Upon this subject, he was very full and satisfactory, and I am much mistaken, if it did not make a deep impression on the public mind. He examined Gen. Harrison's opinions on the Tariff, and commented on the celebrated declaration made by him, as recited in the resolutions of the meeting:—that on the power of Congress to lay duties on imports to Internal Improvements, Gen. Harrison was still an objector;—that the system was acknowledged by Messrs. Clay, Bernard, Everett, &c., to be a bad one under this Administration, and that they believed that when Gen. Harrison was elected, the whole system would be revived and enlarged. In connection with this subject, Mr. F. exposed the insincerity and deceptive character of the charges made by the Federal party against the Administration, on the score of extravagance in expenditures,—that while they were making a great outcry against extravagance, they were for making appropriations for Internal Improvements to the amount of many millions;—that they would not appropriate more money for the Cumberland road alone, than they could possibly take from the salaries of public officers. He then went at large into an examination of his course in Congress. He took up many of the votes he had given, and showed that he could not have voted otherwise, and been faithful to his own principles, and the rights and interests of his constituents. This part of his speech is regarded by the moderate of both parties, as a triumphant and unanswerable vindication of his own course.

Mr. Fisher had concluded, there was a call by the Federalists for Mr. Brummell to reply. This was all for appearance, for Mr. Brummell had come prepared with his documents, and a well conned speech. I shall not follow him through the devious windings of his speech. It was made up of shreds and patches;—a large portion was devoted to a defence of the United States Bank,—and of Gen. Harrison from the charge of Abolition,—which had not been made by Mr. Fisher. But that which he and his friends evidently regarded as the most effective part of his trade, was a repetition of sundry State newspaper anecdotes of Harrison's old soldiers,—among others, that one had called a young man a "liar" in the Ohio Legislature,—another about a school-master and his scholars in the last war, running after the post-boy to hear the news from the army, and how the post-boy blew his horn and announced that Harrison had "whipped the British," and then there was a general hurrah for the General.

Now, notwithstanding the Whigs had heard these same stories from Mr. Morehead, at April Court, and told in much better style,—they vociferously applauded Mr. Brummell. The whole of this part of his speech was not in the least newsworthy. Mr. Fisher's reply was overwhelming;—it is conceded by friend and foe; he alluded to Mr. Brummell's defence of Harrison from the charge of Abolition; he had not made the charge; but he supposed that as Mr. Brummell had prepared his speech, and had no other, it must be spoken. Mr. Brummell's habit in this regard is so well known here, that this retort excited much merriment. Mr. Fisher exposed the contempt for the understandings of the people which Mr. Brummell and his associates manifested in trying to make them believe that Harrison was a poor man and lives in a log cabin, &c. He held up to public view that celebrated horse-bill, called Harrison's life, and the effect was indescribable.

When Mr. Fisher concluded, the people rose in a body, and would not listen to Mr. Brummell's reply. I do not wish to add to the mortification which was manifested in the countenance of Mr. Brummell and his friends, and which he doubtless feels keenly enough whenever he looks back upon the scene,—but mention these circumstances, as a faithful chronicler of passing events.

To conclude this article, which is already longer than I could wish, I assure you, that the indications at the meeting were of the most cheering character;—our intelligence from different parts of the County is still more encouraging. Rest assured, that we shall give a good account of Davidson at the next elections.

DAVIDSON.  
Davidson County, N. C., May 10, 1840.

## FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIANS.

A Democratic Republican Meeting was held in Ashborough, Randolph county, on the 5th inst. On motion of Gen. Hoover, THOMAS FRUIT, Esq., was appointed Chairman, and John D. Brown and D. C. Johnson requested to act as Secretaries.

After the object of the meeting had been explained by Gen. George Hoover, the following Preamble and Resolutions were offered by Tidance Lane, Esq., which being read, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, the Constitution of the United States provides that each State shall be divided into as many Electoral Districts as there are Senators and Representatives in Congress from each State, in such manner as the Legislatures thereof shall provide by law;

And, whereas, it is provided that the Counties of Randolph, Guilford, and Chatham shall compose one District; therefore,

Resolved, That we recommend to the Democrats of said District, to hold meetings and appoint Delegates to meet such Delegates as shall be appointed by this meeting, at such time and place as shall be hereafter appointed, to nominate an Elector on the Republican Ticket for this District, to vote for President and Vice President of U. S.

Resolved, That we have entire confidence in the Republican principles of our present Chief Magistrate, M. Van Buren, and recommend him to our fellow-citizens for a re-election to the Presidency of the United States; because he has pledged his uncompromising hostility to the schemes of the Abolitionists, and believes that their interference with southern rights, if tolerated, will be productive of the worst consequences, and end in a total dissolution of the Union.

Resolved, That we approve of the nomination of Gen. Rives for Governor of this State, and that we will use all honorable means to secure his election.

On motion, the following Delegates were appointed

by the Chair, to meet other Delegates in a Convention to nominate an Elector, to wit: Gen. George Hoover, and John D. Brown, Tidance Lane, Jeremiah Cooper, Benjamin Hawkins, Howell Julian, James Polk, and Ed. Brower, Esqrs., together with the Chairman.

Resolved, That the Delegates be instructed to invite Gen. R. M. Saunders and John M. Morehead to attend the meeting of the Democratic Convention in this District, whenever and at such place as it shall meet.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be published in the Western Carolinian, North Carolina Standard, and Southern Citizen.

THOMAS FRUIT, Chairman.  
JOHN D. BROWN, D. C. JOHNSON, Secretaries.

## FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIANS.

Mr. Horton: Happening to be present at the meeting of the Republicans of Davidson County, on Tuesday last, I listened with great pleasure to the sentiments contained in the Resolutions adopted and the able remarks of Mr. Fisher, our Representative in Congress, in which he defined very distinctly the great leading principles of the State-Rights Republican party. Amongst other subjects touched upon by Mr. F., he conclusively demonstrated, that the "hard times," so much harped upon by the Federal party, and attributable to the Government, but to the Banks, the great monied powers of the country; who have, within the last seventeen months, withdrawn from circulation forty millions of dollars, thus creating the great scarcity of money. And further, that the "hard times" consisted entirely and solely in the scarcity of money,—for that our commerce is quite as extensive and flourishing as it has ever been,—our country abounds in great plenty of all the necessities and luxuries of life,—we have neither been visited by war, pestilence, or famine.—The Government, he said, could only cause hard times by levying high taxes on the people and squandering the money. The taxes levied by the Government are smaller now, than they have been before, and annually all the money collected is immediately paid out again among us; and a scarcity of money can only be created by withdrawing it from among the people and not letting it out again. He proceeded to saunter his reasons why he could not support Harrison for President;—because Harrison's principles were diametrically opposed to those of the Republican party; he being an Internal Improvement man, a Tariffite, and the candidate of the Abolitionists. Besides, as he is now nearly seventy years old, he can be neither mentally nor bodily qualified to discharge the arduous duties of President,—and, in fact, that he never was expected.

Mr. F. said that he could not know the private sentiments of Gen. Harrison's heart, but from the fact of his having repeatedly refused to answer any questions as to his course or sentiments on the subject of Abolition, there was strong reason for supposing that something was wrong. Mr. F. spoke about two hours, touching upon most of the leading topics of the day. I do not pretend to give you even a meagre sketch of his remarks. After he had concluded, I heard a buzzing amongst a small cluster of Federalists, who had collected about the bar, and looking up, observed a gentleman making his way towards the Judge's bench, who said:—Look! what a fierce and grim.

That's the shadow dared not follow him." On inquiry, I was informed, that it was a certain Mr. Brummell, of whom, if you do not know him, I can easily say to you that he is a county court Lawyer, by profession, and what, in mountain parlance, would be called "a tall, likely young fellow," a real talker against time. I soon perceived that he was "all my friend painted him," a real "Whig" orator, well charged with first proof anti-Looco fido powder, and loaded to the mouth with Wise, Bond, and Truman Smith documents and speeches,—delicacies—standing army—Florida Blood-baths—fire and fiddlesticks;—all well rammed down with "hard times." After squaring himself on the Judge's stand, with the self-complacent grin a la Morehead, he opened his volleys, while

"Words of learned length and thundering sound,  
Amazeth the genius of 'Whiggery' ranged around,  
And still they paced, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew."

He fired his first broadside, by reading the resolutions passed at a meeting in Salisbury in 1835. From this attack, I began to flatter myself that he would discharge his whole stock of ammunition on Mr. F. and his friends;—who did not consider the mere fact of their opposing Mr. Van Buren in 1835, as an indispensable reason why they should fall in love with old Gen. Harrison in 1840.—considering, too, that the same objections urged then, against Van Buren, operate with stronger force against Harrison now;—and that we poor Loco-Focos would escape his wrath. Vain hope! for his first rake after straying Mr. F. and friends, was to charge down upon us with the force of some of U. S. Bank—Gen. Jackson's veto—Martin Van Buren Government—Expansionist—some sort of money for the Government, and another for the people—standing army—Tippecanoe—log cabins—hard cider, &c., &c.—and then wound up by reading a letter at least a yard long, of Mr. aid-de-camp somebody to Mr. somebody-else, describing in detail the battle of the Thames and battle of Tippecanoe,—having spoken 3 hours and 24 minutes, entertaining the company with some twenty cantos of the old Whig song, to the tune of "slang-whang-gar-ran-go."

I understand that all the cantos will be set to music shortly, so that the young "Whiggies" may learn to sing them by note. Upon the whole, I think that Mr. B. may be ranked as No. 1. among that philanthropic gang of County Court Lawyers, who,

"With tongues to pity tuned, and hearts of steel,  
Too full of sounding sentiment to feel,  
Could all unmoved a starving mother pass,  
To pour their sorrows o'er a dying ass."

These men have of late taken up the humane and patriotic practice of travelling from County to County, and haranguing the people, with the laudable design of screening the Banks, and money-sharks of the country, from the odium which is their just due, and of abusing and vilifying the Government, which has neither the power nor will to do the country harm.

When Mr. Brummell concluded, the sun being about half an hour high, Mr. Fisher rose in reply. I shall not attempt a description of the manner in which Mr. Fisher demolished his assistant—suffice it to say, his reply, throughout, was one of the most powerful and withering I ever heard inflicted upon any poor mortal. One or two points in it, however, are too good to be lost, and I must trespass a little farther on your space by noticing them.

Mr. Fisher took up the Resolutions of 1835, which Mr. B. had read to the meeting, and said—that he participated in the adoption of these Resolutions—that he approved of their principles then, and he approved of them now. Can you say as much, sir? asked Mr. F. Do you, sir, subscribe to the principles of these Resolutions? Mr. Brummell made no reply. I ask you again, sir, (said Mr. F.) to say to the assembly, before whom you have been reading these Resolutions, evidently to condemn my political course, if you subscribe to the doctrines contained in them! No reply! The gentleman, said Mr. F., is like his great prototype, Gen. Harrison, he will answer no questions, for fear of getting into a hobble.

Mr. Brummell had said a great deal about a "standing army," that the President was going to raise a great standing army of 200,000 men, to be armed and used to destroy their own liberties and lives, and to be marched about from State to State to influence the elections.—In reply to this, Mr. Fisher said, that it was a great outcry about nothing,—done for political effect, and to deceive the people. He said that the plan for re-organizing the militia, lately submitted to Congress by the Secretary of War, and which has given the Federalists such a scare, was made in obedience to a Resolution of that body, but that the plan was so impracticable and futile, that he was well assured not a single member of Congress of any party would vote for it—and even the President, he was convinced, was not in favor of it. So, before the gentleman's fears of this great war-band-and-bloody-bones could be realized, he must first get Congress in favor of passing the law, (which, as yet, has not even been mentioned on the floor of Congress) get the President in favor of it; so as that he will sign it, get the States to change their election laws, so as to enable men to vote who are not residents of a State, and then the President must be sure to select men for marching about who will vote as he wants them.

The gentleman's fears of the probability of the country's being burdened with this great standing army,

reminds me, Mr. Editor, of the story about a little girl I heard related recently with great applause. Her mistress went out into the kitchen one morning, and found her little servant girl crying most piteously. What in the world is the matter, Sally? I said the old lady. Why missus, said the girl, I was just thinking, if I should live to be grown up, and then get married, and I should have a sweet little baby, and it was to live till it could run about, and be so sweet, and it was to go out to play in our back-yard, and our back-yard was to be right red hot, and my sweet little baby was to get into the oven and be burnt to death—oh! what should I do! oh!—and the girl cried, and the old lady cried, until they alarmed the whole plantation, and then they all cried together.

Night coming on, Mr. Fisher was compelled to cut short his remarks. When he closed, Mr. Brummell again jumped up and attempted to call the attention of the crowd, but it was no go, the Republicans had heard enough of his slang, and the feds, his friends, were ashamed of their numbers. So, the *beau*, (like Sir John More), was soon left alone in his glory, rapping away on the hollow heartless table, and thundering "Log Cabins," "Standing Army," "Swartwout and Price," to the lonely benches, who remained silent that they might hear, but who could not hear that they might understand!

A SPECTATOR.

May 14, 1840.

## MEXICO AND TEXAS.

From Matamoros.—The schr. Alexander Washington, arrived yesterday from Matamoros, which port she left on the 15th inst. Capt. Dearborn has favored us with a copy of an extra of the *Ancla*, containing the result of the battle which took place between the Federalists, under Zapata, and the Government troops under Arista, together with some particulars relative to the trial of the Federalist prisoners. Gen. Zapata was tried by a court-martial, condemned and shot, and his head was cut off and sent to his native place for exhibition!—Two Texian officers were also shot, and the one hundred and fifty prisoners taken were conducted to Matamoros, in order to be sent to Vera Cruz.

N. O. Bee, April 27.

Religion in Texas.—The brig Susan Mary, bound to Matamoros, has on board a church with all its appendages, pulpit, pews, &c. This building has been erected and shipped by Mr. James N. Wells, builder, of this city, ready for putting up.

N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Appointments by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.—James B. Shepard, of North Carolina, to be Attorney of the United States for the district of North Carolina, in the place of H. L. Holmes, resigned.

Robert M. Nolen, Collector of the Customs at Edenton, North Carolina, vice William McNider, declined the appointment.

## From the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times.

Mysterious Disappearance.—We learn that a Mr. Cope, a merchant of Cincinnati, who had been staying at the Mansion House, corner of 11th and Market street, during the greater part of this winter, suddenly disappeared about the 1st of April, and has not been heard of, either by the landlord, Mr. O'Connell, or any of his friends in this city or Cincinnati. He left in his room all his baggage, among which are several trunks locked, which are supposed to contain money, clothes and goods of value. He had always been very prompt in paying his board, and at the time he disappeared was only about a fortnight or three weeks in arrears. He was known to carry about his person generally, from \$500 to \$1000.

Another mysterious disappearance has occurred in Philadelphia, Mr. Paul Geddes, a merchant of McEwen's, left his lodging at the City Hotel, and has not since been heard from. He is supposed to have had some \$4000 with him.

Still Another.—A young man named Moses Fry, from Lancaster county, (Pa.) arrived in Philadelphia, the latter part of last week, with a drove of cattle and sheep. He sold his stock, and was at the Hotel in Callowhill st., where he stopped on Saturday evening. While in the bar room, he was seen to count about \$500 in bank notes, which he had received for his cattle, and placing them in his pocket, he went out, since which time he has not returned. His hat, containing a bill for cattle, that he had purchased, was found in one of the pig sties of the yard on Sunday morning.

## UNITED IN WEDLOCK.

In Wilkesboro', on the 12th inst., by the Rev. James Purvis, THOMAS A. HAGUE, Esq., of the Town, to Miss DELPHIA VERLINDA, daughter of Abner Carmichael, Esq., of Wilkesboro'.

In this County, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. James D. Hall, Mr. JACOB SKILES to Miss JANE P. THOMPSON.

## Attention!

THE Members of the Cavalry Company lately formed in this County, are requested to meet at the Courthouse in Salisbury, on Saturday, the 20th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of adopting a Constitution and a code of Bye-Laws for the government of the Company.

WILLIAM LOCKE,  
RICHARD LOWRY,  
JOSEPH POOL,  
P. HENDERSON,  
JNO. S. MACNAMARA,  
Committee.

P. S. A punctual attendance of the members is absolutely necessary.

May 22, 1840. 40—lm

## NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, wishing to remove to the West, offers for sale his House and premises, situated half a mile North of Mocksville, on the road leading to Hiltville.

It contains 15 acres of land well watered with two good springs, and under a good state of cultivation, and has on it a Dwelling-House, kitchen, smoke-house, new framed barn, and other buildings in good repair.

Terms made easy to suit the purchaser, as I am determined to dispose of it between this and the first day of September next.

WM. OTRICH.

Mocksville, N. C., May 22, 1840. 3w.

## Notice.

THE Subscriber has on hand, and for Sale, at his Shop, in Salisbury, three first rate Road Wagons, SHIMON HIELICK.  
December 6, 1839.



## Poetical Department.

"LIKE ORIENT FEARS AT RANDOM STRENGTH."

From the Ladies' Companion for January.

The setting of a great Hope is like the setting of the sun.—*Longfellow's Hyperion.*

Well did the poet say or sing,  
The setting of a mighty hope is like the close of day.  
When the bright, warm sun has sunk to rest,  
And the night comes chill and grey.

The flower of life doth pass away,  
The music and the tone departs with the hope that disappears.  
And nothing more remains behind,  
But the darkness and the tears.

The sun may sink behind the hill,  
The flowers, upon the valley's brink, may wither, fade, and die,  
But the day-god shall come forth again,  
The world to beauty.

The day-god shall come forth again,  
And earth shall leap to life again, in presence of her king!  
The hills shall laugh in glorious light—  
The vales, with mirth, shall ring.

But when the hope that gilds our life,  
Hath vanished into outer night, despairing and forlorn,  
There comes to it, no more, no more,  
To us, no second morn.

We wander darkling on our way,  
We mark no freshness on the earth, no brightness on the wave;  
Hoping ever, till we find  
Rest in the quiet grave.

## THE BIBLE.

Whence but from heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,  
In different nations born, in different parts—  
Weave such agreeing truths? Or how, or why,  
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?  
Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,  
Starting their gain, and martyrdom their price.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Knickerbocker for April.

### THE IRON FOOTSTEP.

[BY JOHN WARREN.]

"What may this mean, that thou, dead comest again  
Revisit'st thus the glimmers of the moon,  
Making night hideous?"

Most families, I believe, have their traditional ghost story; which, when narrated to the group that gathers round the wintry fireside, excites, according to the age and character of the listeners, terror, sympathy, doubt, incredulity, or ridicule. Still it continues to be told, even by those who are urgent in their disavowal of belief in supernatural appearances; the story is kept alive, and recollected in after life; for the bias is a strong one of the mind, to dwell even on the shadows that pertain to that world of untold being, which approaches towards us with its flow and noiseless, but irresistible and overwhelming movement.

I remember in my youth to have listened with my whole heart to the following remarkable incident, as one which had undoubtedly occurred a few years before, in the Island of Dominica:

During a season of great mortality among the inhabitants of that Island, in the year —, a veteran Scottish regiment was stationed upon the high bluff land that forms one point of a crescentular bay, and overlooks the town and harbor, inland, toward the east, a small plain extends itself; while on the west and north, which is nearest the shore, and almost overhanging it, were several long one-story buildings, hastily erected of wood, for the accommodation of the officers of the corps, and consisting of all of three or four rooms on each end, with a piazza on the side toward the sea, extending the whole length of the structure, and forming a shaded and agreeable promenade during the early part of the day. The rooms opened upon the piazza, and communicated with each other, by means of a side door, which was occasionally left open for the freer circulation of air.

In one of these barracks were quartered three officers of the regiment, Major Hamilton, Captain Gordon, and a third, whose name I cannot at this moment recall. Major Hamilton's apartment was in the centre. He had lost a leg in the service, and usually wore a wooden pin, or stick, shod with iron; and being an alert man, fond of exercise, used to walk up and down this piazza for hours together, stopping occasionally at Gordon's window, and sometimes looking in at that of the other officer, exchanging a cheerful word with them as they sat each in his apartment, endeavoring to beguile the time with dressing, reading, writing, thoughts of promotion, of home, and of a speedy and happy return to Britain.

The sound of the Major's step was peculiar. It was only the blow given to the iron ferrule at the end of his wooden leg that was heard; for, although a stout man, he trod lightly with the remaining foot, and heavily only with the wooden substitute, which gave forth its note at short intervals, as he paced to and fro, so regularly, that there was a certain pleasure in listening to it.

Sounds that strike the ear in this measured way, affect us more than others. The attention becomes engaged, and they grow emphatic as we listen. The caller's hammer-stroke, as it flies from the dock yard of the busy port, across some placid bay into the green and peaceful country, is an instance of this truth; the songster has it, in the lines,

"His very step hath music in it,"

When he comes up the stairs."

and the gentle Lamb felt it, when he said of his physician, that "there was healing in the creak of his shoes," as he approached his apartment. Associated with this measured movement of the Major, with his deep cherry voice, and made light of danger and difficulty; whether on the field of battle, or as now amid the sickness, which, in mockery of the beauty of tropical skies and scenery, was devastating the colony at this melancholy period.

This sickness proved fatal to several officers of the regiment, and after some time, Major Hamilton was taken down with it. It was a fever, attended with delirium. The Major was confident of recovery—and, indeed, from the great equanimity and happy temperament of his patient, his physicians had almost hopes to the last. These, however, were not destined to be realized. He expired the seventh day after he was seized, while endeavoring to speak to his friend, Capt. Gordon, and was buried under arms at sunset of the same day.

Now, it was on the second night after this mournful event, that Gordon, having retired to bed rather later than usual, found himself unexpectedly awake. He was not conscious of any distressing thought or dream, which should have occasioned his short-er sleep, and as he commonly made but one nap of the night, and his rest had been latterly broken by the kind offices he had rendered his comrade, he was half surprised at finding himself awake. He touched his repeater, and found it only past twelve. He turned on the other side and composed himself afresh. "Thoughts of his friend came over his heart, as his cheek reached the pillow, and he said, "Poor Hamilton! Well, God have mercy upon you."

He felt at the moment that some one near him said "Amen!" with much solemnity. He was effectually aroused, and asked, "Who is there?"

There was no reply. His voice seemed to echo into Hamilton's late apartment, and he then remembered that the door was open that communicated between the two rooms. He listened intently, but heard nothing save the beating of his own heart. He said to himself, "It is all mere imagination," and again endeavored to compose himself, and think of something else. He laid his head once more upon the pillow, and then he distinctly heard, for the first time, the Major's well-known step. It was not a matter to be mistaken about. The ferrule sound, the pause for the foot, the sound again, measured in its return, as if all were again in life. He heard it first upon the piazza—heard it approach, pass through the door from the piazza into the centre apartment, and there it seemed to pause, as if the figure of the departed were standing on the other side of the door, in the room it had so lately occupied.

Gordon rose, he went to the window that opened upon the piazza, and looked out. The night was very beautiful; the moon had gone down—the sky was of the deepest azure, and the low dask of the waves upon the rocks, at the foot of the bluff, was the only thing that engaged his notice, except the extreme brightness and lucidity of a solitary star that traced its glittering pathway of light toward him, across the distant waters of the ocean. All else was still and reposed. "It is very remarkable!" said he, "I could have sworn I heard it!" He turned towards the door that opened between the two rooms. The Major's apartment was darkened by the shutters being closed, and he could distinguish nothing inside it. He wished the door were shut, but felt a repugnance at the idea of closing it; and while he stood gazing into the dark room, the thought of being in the presence of a disembodied spirit rose in his mind; and, though a brave man, he could not immediately control the bristling sensation of terror that began to possess him. He longed for the voice of any living being; and though for a moment the idea of ridicule deterred him, he determined on calling up the officer who occupied the other apartment.

He passed on to the piazza, and as he approached the other extremity of the building, the sentinel on duty perceived him.

"Have you been long stationed here?" said Captain Gordon.

"Half an hour," was the reply.

"Did you—did you happen to see any one on the piazza during the time?"

"I did not."

Gordon returned at once to his room, vexed with himself for having been the sport of an illusion of his own brain. He closed his door and window, and went to bed. He was thoroughly awake, and had regained, as he thought, entire possession of his faculties. "My old comrade," said he, "what could he possibly want of me? We were always friends—kind hearted, gallant fellow that he was! No man was his enemy, except upon the field of self. Why should I have dreaded to meet him, even if such an event could possibly be?"

And yet, so constituted are we, that a moment or two after this course of thought had occupied his mind, he was almost paralyzed with dread, by the recurrence of the same well known step that now seemed pacing the dark and tenantless apartment. He even fancied an irregularity in it, that betokened, as he thought, some distress of mind; and all that he had ever heard of spirits revisiting the scenes of their mortal existence, to expiate some hidden crime, entered his imagination, and combined to make his situation awful and appalling. It was therefore with great earnestness that he exclaimed:

"In the name of God, Hamilton, is that you?" A voice from the threshold of the communicating door, addressed him in tones that sank deep into his soul:

"Gordon, listen, but do not speak to me. In ten days you will apply for a furlough; it will not be granted to you. You will renew the application in three weeks, and then it will be successful. Stay no longer in Scotland than may be necessary for the adjustment of your affairs. Go to London. Take lodging at No.—Jermyn street. You will be shown into an apartment looking into the garden. Remove the panel from above the chimney-piece, and you will there find papers which establish the fact of my marriage, and will give you the address of my wife and son. Hasten, for they are in deep distress, and these papers will establish their rights. Do not forget me!"

Captain Gordon did not recollect how long he remained in the posture in which he had listened to the spirit of his departed friend; but when he arose it was broad day. He dressed himself, and went to town; drew up a statement of the affair, and authenticated it by his oath. He had no intention of quitting the colony during that year; but an arrival brought intelligence of the death of his father, and of his accession to a large estate. Within the ten days, he applied for a furlough, but such had been the mortality among the officers, that the commanding officer thought proper to refuse his request. Another arrival brought, however, brought to the island a reinforcement for the garrison, he found the difficulty removed, upon a second application, in three weeks. He sailed for Scotland, arranged his affairs, and intended immediately afterward to have proceeded to London. He suffered, however, one agreeable engagement after another to retard his departure, and his friend's concerns, and the preternatural visit that he had received from him, were no longer impressed so vividly as at first upon his mind.

One night, however, after a social party of pleasure, he awoke without apparent cause, as he had done on the eventful night in Dominica, and to his utter consternation, the sound of the Major's iron step filled his ears. He started from his bed immediately, rang up his servant, ordered post horses, and lost not a moment upon the way, until he reached the house in Jermyn street. He found the papers as he had expected. He relieved the widow and orphan of his unhappy friend, and established them as such in the inheritance to which they were entitled by his sudden death; and the story reaching the ears of royalty, the young Hamilton was patronized by the Queen of England, and early obtained a commission in the army, to which he was attached at the time this tale was told to me.

It is also known that Captain Gordon rose very high in his military career, and was throughout his life distinguished as a brave and honorable officer, and a fortunate general.

A Screamer.—There is a young lady of "sweet sixteen" down the Seneca river, who cuts her two curls of wood per day, when not too much engaged in household affairs. Being at school the other day, she settled some difference between herself and the school-master, by trundling him headfirst out of the house, and closing the doors upon him. What a glorious remedy for the "hard times" such a companion "in arms" would be.—*Ohio State Journal.*

## VALUE OF CLOVER.

As an improver of the soil, clover stands pre-eminent above all other grasses cultivated in the country. So many are the useful properties of clover, and so many and so important are the uses to which it can be applied, that, unquestionably, it ought to be considered as the most valuable of our grasses. Even berdergrass or timothy, excellent as they are, could be spared with less injury to the agriculture of the country than clover. Admitting what many supposed to be the fact, that clover, when used either as pasture or hay, is not so palatable to all sorts of stock as some other grasses—admitting, too, that the expense of cutting clover and curing it for hay, is greater than that of other grasses, yet there exist many good and sufficient reasons to justify its extensive culture. The produce of clover is far greater than that of any other grass, and although it may not be the most palatable to all sorts of stock, yet it is sufficiently so to answer all the purposes of pasture or hay. In the use of clover alone, we have scarce had any experience, but a mixture of clover and berdergrass has been found in our own husbandry to make excellent pastures, and first-rate hay for stocks of every description.

But it is not to the abundant produce of clover, nor to its palatable and nutritive qualities, that we are to look for its principal excellence. As an improver of the soil, it stands unrivalled. Some of its peculiar excellencies, by which it is distinguished from other grasses, are the following:—It receives plianter to a far greater advantage than any of the other grasses—it meliorates and improves the soil in a very peculiar manner—it produces an excellent green crop to be turned under, for the purpose of manure—and it forms a peculiarly tender sward, which is of great use in agriculture.—The sward of clover, or the clover lay, as it is frequently called, is almost a preparation for any other crop. It needs but to be turned over, to put the ground in first rate order for wheat or any thing else. In neglecting to cultivate this important plant, every farmer keeps himself behind the times, and behind his own interest. We advise all to introduce clover into their farms with all practical speed.—*Genesee Farmer.*

From the New York Observer.

### TWO MISSIONARIES EATEN BY SAVAGES.

Through the kindness of a gentleman in this city, we are permitted to publish an extract from a letter just received by him, containing the heart-rending intelligence that two Missionaries in New Zealand have shared the fate of Lyman and Munson!

Sidney, (New South Wales,) Dec. 1, 1839.

"The missionary brig, Camden, left Upolu the day before our ship sailed, and arrived here last evening, bringing news that two of the Missionaries who sailed in her, during a visit to the Island of Ewomango, one of the New Hebrides, were killed and eaten by the natives."

They were Messrs Williams and Harris: I knew them both at Upolu.—Mr. Williams quite intimately; he was a highly intelligent and gentlemanly man, one of the most indefatigable of all Christian missionaries. He is the author of a very valuable work on the South Sea Islands; a third gentleman, not a missionary, Mr. Cunningham, who was with them at the time, escaped by flight, and I have the painful intelligence from his own lips. Mr. Harris was in ill health, and could not make his escape, while Mr. Williams was rather advanced in life.

"Mr. Cunningham, who heard the war cry raised, turned and saw Mr. Harris pursued by the savages; in an instant after he saw him fall pierced through with many spears. Mr. C. then urged Mr. Williams to run for the boat which was at some distance. The latter misunderstood him, and ran into the water to swim off to the brig, but was overtaken and murdered. Mr. C. with difficulty reached the boat and made his escape."

"These unfortunate missionaries were sent out by the London Missionary Society, and the vessel spoken of in the letter was one employed in its service."

"Miss Sophia, will you favor me with a song?"  
"Oh! no, Mr. Senior, I never sing." (1)  
"I think I have heard you?"  
"But I have such a cold." (2)  
"Singing is good for a cold." (3)  
"And then my wrist is lame." (4)  
"It will cure it." (5)  
"I have forgot all my music." (6)  
"Can you not recollect one piece?" (7)  
"It is some time since I practiced." (8)  
"Were you not playing as I entered?" (9)  
"Only drumming." (10)  
"Well, drum me a tune then."

After telling about twenty more lies, the lady says, "Now, this is altogether wrong. If the young gentleman is poor, and the lady don't want to play, let her just say so. But if he is a rich simpleton, let her just get up, set herself at the piano, and go it. That's the way.—*Bachelor's Button.*"

An Irish Compliment.—A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose-tree, which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket woman in Convent Garden Market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said:—"I axes yer pardon, young lady, but if it pleasing to ye, I'd like ye to keep your cheek away from that rose, ye'll put the lady out of consate with the color of her flower."—*Phil. Saturday Courier.*

Parents can never too carefully avoid showing a distinction between children in the distribution of their affection. Parental love, during infancy and youth, should be the patrimony of all; and so far as human infirmity will allow, like the kindly dews of heaven, which descend equally "on the just and the unjust."

ACCOMMODATING.—Stranger.—I say, friend, how far is it to Brookfield?  
Boy.—Ten miles, sir.  
Stranger.—You must be mistaken. They told me a little ways back that it was only eight.  
Boy.—Well, sir, seeing it's you, you may have it for that. But I wouldn't let any body else have it so.

A Meteor, described as being three times the size of an ordinary farm house, recently fell in the neighborhood of Cook's Manor, Upper Canada. It gave a very severe shock to the earth and the nerves of the good people in that quarter.

Locofoco Tactics.—One of the beneficiaries of the Bellevue Hospital applied at the Dispensary for medical advice, and was asked by one of the faculty how he came in town. "Oh," said he, "we were all let out to vote. They sent their cars for us Locos and we all came down." "Well," but were there no Whigs among you?" inquired the doctor. "Oh, yes," said the voter, in a suppressed tone, "but they were all phicked the day before, and couldn't come."—*N. Y. Star.*

## FOR SALE.

FROM 75,000 to 100,000 of the Morus Multicaulis Cuttings. Apply at THIS OFFICE. September 20, 1839.

### Iron from the King's Mountain IRON COMPANY.

THE Subscribers have made arrangements with the above Company, for the regular supply of SUPERIOR IRON,

which is well adapted to Wagon, and Carriage Work, Horse Shoeing, &c., which will be sold on reasonable terms. J. & W. MURPHY. Salisbury, December 6, 1839. 6m.

### Moffat's Life Pills & Bitters.

THESE medicines are indicated for their name to their manifest and sensible action in purifying the springs and channels of life, and ending them with renewed tone and vigor. In many hundred certified cases which have been made public, and in almost every species of disease to which the human frame is liable, the happy effects of MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS have been gratefully and publicly acknowledged by the persons benefited, and who were previously unacquainted with the beautifully philosophical principles upon which they are compounded, and upon which they consequently act.

The LIFE MEDICINES recommend themselves in diseases of every description. Their first operation is to loosen from the coats of the stomach and bowels, the various impurities and crudities constantly settling around them; and to remove the hardened faeces which collect in the convolutions of the small intestines. Other medicines only partially cleanse these, and leave such collected masses behind as to produce habitual constiveness, with all its train of evils, or sudden diarrhoea, with its imminent dangers. This fact is well known to all regular anatomists, who examine the human bowels after death; and hence the prejudice of these well informed men against quick medicines, or medicines prepared and heralded to the public by ignorant persons. The second effect of the Life Medicines is to cleanse the kidneys and the bladder, and by this means, the liver and the lungs, the healthful action of which entirely depends upon the regularity of the urinary organs. The blood, which takes its red color from the agency of the liver and the lungs before it passes into the heart, being thus purified by them, and nourished by food coming from a clean stomach, courses freely through the veins, renews every part of the system, and triumphantly mounts the banner of health in the blooming cheek.

Moffat's Vegetable Life Medicines have been thoroughly tested, and pronounced a sovereign remedy for Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Palpitation of the Heart, Loss of Appetite, Heart-burn and Head-ache, Restlessness, Ill temper, Anxiety, Languor and Melancholy, Constiveness, Diarrhoea, Cholera, Fevers of all kinds, Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsies of all kinds, Gravel, Worms, Asthma and Consumption, Scoury, Ulcers, Invertebrate Sores, Scorbatic Eruptions and Bad Complexion, Eruptive complaints, Sallow, Cloudy, and other disagreeable Complexions, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Common Colds and Influenza, and various other complaints which afflict the human frame. In Fever and Ague, particularly, the Life Medicines have been most eminently successful; so much so, that in the Fever and Ague Districts, Physicians almost universally prescribe them.

All that Mr. Moffat requires of his patients is to be particular in taking the Life Medicines strictly according to the directions. It is not by a newspaper notice, or by any thing that he himself may say in their favor, that he hopes to gain credit. It is alone by the results of a fair trial.

MOFFAT'S MEDICAL MANUAL: designed as a domestic guide to health.—This little pamphlet, edited by W. B. Moffat, 375 Broadway, New York, has been published for the purpose of explaining more fully Mr. Moffat's theory of diseases, and will be found highly interesting to persons seeking health. It treats upon prevalent diseases, and the causes thereof. Price 25 cents—for sale by Mr. Moffat's agents generally.

These Valuable Medicines are for sale by CRESS & BOGER. Salisbury, N. C., May 1, 1840.

## To the Public.

THE Subscriber takes this method of informing the Public, that he still continues to carry on the business of

### CUTTING-STONE

as usual, at his Granite Quarry, seven miles South of Salisbury, near the 3d Charleston road, where he is able to supply all orders for MILL-STONES of the best grit, and on the shortest notice.

—ALSO— for Sale, at the lowest prices, WINDOW SILLS, DOOR SILLS, DOOR STEPS, ROUGH BUILDING ROCKS, TOMB STONES, GOLD GRINDERS, &c. &c. &c.

J. HOULSHOUSE, Stone-Cutter. Salisbury, Oct. 25th, 1839. N. B. Orders for any of the above wrought articles, directed to me at Salisbury, will be punctually attended to. J. H.

## To Owners of Mills.

THE Subscriber has an improved patent Spindle for Mills, by which, a mill will do much better than with the usual form of Spindles. It is so constructed as to keep from heating or killing the meal in any manner. The runner is so conformed by the Spindle as all rubbing of the stones, and of course there is no

I think, by this improved Spindle, the same water will do at least one-third more business, and the meal of superior quality.

Any person wishing to use one of these Spindles, may obtain one or more, by making application, (within a short time) to the Subscriber at Mocksville, David C. N. C. I think the probable cost will not exceed \$30 for the Patent and Spindle ready for use. The following persons have my Patent Mill Spindle in successful operation:—Col. W. F. Kelly, Thos. Foster, Joseph Hall and Sam'l. Foster of Davis County; Gilbreth Dickson and David J. Ramsour of Lincoln; Charles Griffith of Rowan; Addison Moore of Davidson, and William Doss of Surry, all of whom are highly pleased with its performance. L. M. GILBERT, Jr.

October 25, 1839.

## Stone Engraving.

THE Subscriber living seven miles south of Salisbury, intends keeping constantly on hand, Marble and Granite Slabs expressly for

### TOMB STONES,

so that he can execute any order in that line, on the shortest notice.

—ALSO—

He is ready to execute any work which may be called for in SCULPTURING, STONE-CUTTING, ENGRAVING, &c., and he assures those who may favor him with their work, that unless well done according to contract, he has no pay.

A complete large Dairy Trough for sale, cut of Rock, for the purpose of preserving milk cool. Apply to the Subscriber.

ENOCH E. PHILLIPS.

November 1st, 1839.

## LA LATH.

Grandchild by the AMERICAN ECLIPSE, the Champion of America—Winner of the Great Match Race, the North against the South—\$20,000 aside!

### THE THOROUGH-BRED HORSE, LATH.

BRED by Col. Wade Hampton of South Carolina, will make his second Season at Salisbury, which commenced on the 21st ultimo, and will end on the 20th of June next, at \$30 the Season, and \$30 to insure, the money to be paid as soon as the Mare is ascertained to be in foal, or the property changes owners; and fifty cents to the groom.—(C) Mares sent from a distance will be well attended to, and fed with grain at 30 cents per day. To those that wish it, a good lot will be furnished gratis; but in no instance will I be responsible for accidents or escapes. R. W. LONG. Salisbury, N. C., March 13, 1840. 28—

## PEDIGREE:

I Certify that LATH was bred by me, and that he was foaled in the Spring of 1835. He was got by Godolphin, his dam Pocahontas, by Sir Archy; his grand-dam Young Lottery, also by Sir Archy, out of Col. Singleton's celebrated Lottery, by imported Bedford out of the imported mare Anvilina. Godolphin was got by Eclipse; his dam Sylph, by Haphestion out of Lottery by imported Bedford, &c. Haphestion was got by the imported Buzzard out of the dam of Sir Archy.

DESCRIPTION, PERFORMANCE, &c.—LATH is a fine bay, without white, 15 hands 2 inches high, with good bone and capital action. At three years old, he won the produce stake at Columbia, two mile heats, beating Mr. Taylor's filly, Daisy, and Captain Spain's colt, Conventione, the others paying forfeit. Two weeks afterwards he won the jockey club purse, three mile heats, at Augusta, beating Kite and distancing Black Bird at Charleston, he was beaten by Cledhopper for the jockey club purse, three mile heats; being very much amiss, he was drawn after the first heat.—At 4 years old, he won the jockey club purse, four mile heats, at Camden, beating Sir Kenneth and Dorabella at three heats; losing the first in consequence of bolting when several lengths in advance of the field, just before he reached the Judges' stand; and getting entangled amongst the carriages, he sustained an injury which occasioned his withdrawal from the turf.

Lath was a race Horse of the first class, which he evinced in his trials with Bay Maria, Charlotte Russe, and Kitty Heth, and in point of blood he is inferior to none, whether imported or native. His constitution is robust, he having never been sick, and his temper good. His color, form, and action speak for themselves. In a word, Lath unites in himself as many claims to public patronage as any young Stallion that I know.

WADE HAMPTON.

Willwood, Jan. 22, 1839.

From the above certificate of Col. Hampton, who bred and had Lath trained for the Turf, it will be seen that he considered him a race horse of the first class—not only from the races he has mentioned as having run publicly, but from private trials he has made with horses which are now on the Turf, and running with considerable success. It will also be observed by his certificate, that he considered Lath of the purest blood—not to be surpassed by any horse, imported or native.

I consider it entirely unnecessary to attempt to eulogize Lath, either for his performances on the Turf or as to his blood, since in every respect he is so well attested. But will remark, that Lath has not only descended from pure blood, but has come from stock both sire and grand-sire, dam and grand-dam, that are of the running blood. For instance, his sire, Godolphin, made his four miles in 7 minutes and 50 seconds; his grand-sire, the American Eclipse, so well known at the north and south, made his time in the great match race, the north against the south, \$20,000 aside, in 7 minutes and 37 seconds, which Eclipse won with considerable eclat. This race gained him the memorable name of the champion of the north. His dam sired by the renowned Sir Archy, whose reputation as a racer, &c., stands unquestioned, both in England and America. The grand dam of Lath, Old Lottery, bred by the great southern amateur of horses, Col. R. Singleton of South Carolina, has produced more fine race horses than any other mare in the Union. Thus, it will be seen that there is united in Lath two of the best studs in the south, Hampton's and Singleton's, crossed with Gen. Coles' of the north.

The public is now presented with such an opportunity of improving the blood of that noble and useful animal, the Horse, as rarely occurs in this section of country. And the public can have in addition, in a short time, the opportunity of judging more satisfactorily of Lath's blood, &c., by his colts of last Spring's get, as it is expected there will be many of them dropped by mares in this section in a few days. As a sure foot-getter Lath stands almost unrivalled, as is proven by his last Spring's services—so few of the large number of mares put to him not proving in foal.

N. B. Mares sent from a distance will always find Lath at home, as he will not be removed from his stable in Salisbury, under any circumstances, during the Season. [March 13, 1840.]

## BRICK MASONRY.

THE SUBSCRIBER living near Lexington, Davidson County, takes this method to inform the Public that he will enter into contract with any Person, or persons, either in Davidson, Rowan, or Cabarrus Counties, who wish houses, factories, or any other kind of buildings erected of Brick, to build them as cheap, as durable, and in as good style as any workman in this country.

He will also, mould and burn the Brick, if wanted. He trusts that his long experience in

MOULDING AND LAYING BRICK, will entitle him to a share of public patronage.

He would refer gentlemen wishing work done in his Line of Business, to the Female Academy and the new fire proof Clerk's office in Salisbury, as specimens of his work.

N. B. Those wishing work done, will please leave word at the office of the Western Carolinian, and it shall be punctually attended to.

DAVIDSON, April 18, 1839.

ROBERT COX.

## Pocket-Book Found.

WAS found, about two weeks since, between Concord and Mr. Noah Parise's, on the main stage Road, a POCKET-BOOK, containing some valuable papers. The owner can have it (on application to the subscriber) by describing the same, and paying for this advertisement.

WILLIAM OTTICR.

Mocksville, Feb. 7, 1840.